

# PELEUS and THETIS:

PELEUS and THETIS:

## MASQUE.

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Written by the late Lord *Lansdowne*,

AND

Set to Musick by Mr. *Hayes*.

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### The ARGUMENT.

*Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus obtains her Favour; but Jupiter interposing, Peleus in Despair consults Prometheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology; upon whose Prophecy, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecy was afterwards verified in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Thetis by Peleus.*

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PELEUS and THETIS:  
A  
MASQUE.

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*Persons in the Masque.*

JUPITER,    ♂    PROMETHEUS,  
PELEUS.    ♀    THETIS.

*Prometheus appears upon Mount Caucasus chain'd  
to a Rock, with a Vulture at his Breast. Peleus  
enters addressing himself to Prometheus.*

*Accompanied Recitative.*

*Peleus.* **C**ONdemn'd on Caucasus to lie,  
Still to be dying, not to die;  
With certain Pain uncertain of Relief,  
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!  
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given  
To view the Planetary Way,  
To penetrate Eternal Day,  
And to revolve the Starry Heaven.

A I R.

*To thee, Prometheus, I complain,  
And bring a Heart as full of Pain.*

RECITATIVE.

*Prometheus.* From Jupiter spring all our Woes,  
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine:  
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppose  
Thy Torturer—and mine.

Contented



( 3 )

Contented with Despair,  
O wretched Man! resign  
Whom you adore, or else prepare  
For change of Torments, great as mine.  
'Tis vain, O *Peleus*, to oppose  
Thy Torturer and mine.

*Peleus*. In change of Torment would be Ease;  
Cou'd you divine what Lovers bear,  
Ev'n you, *Prometheus*, wou'd confess  
There is no Vulture like Despair.

T R I O.

*Prom*. Cease, cruel Vulture to devour.

*Pel*. Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain,

[Thetis enters,

*The*. *Peleus*, unjustly you complain.

RECITATIVE.

The Gods, alas! no Refuge find,  
From Ills resistless Fates ordain:  
I still am true——And wou'd be kind.

A I R.

*Peleus*. To love and to languish,  
To sigh and complain,  
How killing's the Anguish!  
How tormenting the Pain!

Suing

Pursuing

Flying

Denying

O the Curse of Disdain,

How tormenting's the Pain! [Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

( 4 )

RECITATIVE.

*Thetis.* Accursed Jealousy,  
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,  
Thro' which all Objects false we see,  
Accursed Jealousy!  
Thy Rival, *Peleus*, rules the Sky,  
Yet I so prize thy Love;  
With *Peleus* I wou'd chuse to die,  
Rather than live with *Jove*.

[*Jupiter appears descending.*

A. I. R.

But see, the mighty Thunderer's here;  
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly;  
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!  
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

CHORUS.

See, the mighty Thunderer's here;  
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly;  
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!  
Tremble, *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

RECITATIVE.

*Jupiter.* Presumptuous Slave, Rival to *Jove*,  
How dar'st thou, Mortal; thus defy,  
A Goddess with audacious Love,  
And irritate a God with Jealousy?  
Presumptuous Mortal, hence——  
Tremble at Omnipotence.

A. I. R.

*Peleus.* Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,  
I fear no Odds  
Of Men or Gods,  
But *Jove* himself defy;

*Jove*

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Jove, lay thy Thunder down ;  
Arm'd with Love and Thetis by,  
There is more Terror in her Frown,  
And fiercer Light'ning in her Eye :  
I fear no Odds, &c. [Da Capo.

A I R and T R I O.

Jupit. Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder,  
Haste ye Cyclops with your forked Rods,  
This Rebel Love braves all the Gods,  
And every Hour by Love is made  
Some Heav'n-defying Encelade.

Bring me Light'ning, give me Thunder.

Pel. and The. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

Jupiter. Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

Pel. and The. Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

The End of the First Part.

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P A R T II.

RECITATIVE.

Thetis. **T**HY Love still arm'd with Fate  
Is dreadful as thy Hate :

A I R.

O might it prove to me  
So gentle Peleus were but free,

O might it prove to me  
As fatal as to lost confining Semele !  
Thy Love still arm'd with Fate  
Is dreadful as thy Hate.

[Da Capo.

RECITATIVE

( 6 )

RECITATIVE.

*Prometheus.* Son of Saturn, take Advice  
From one, whom thy severe Decree  
Has furnish'd Leisure to grow wise:  
Thou rul'st the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

A I R.

*Whoe'er th' Immortal Maid compressing  
Shall taste the Joy, and reap the Blessing,  
Thus th' unerring Stars advise:  
From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise,  
Paternal Glories to out-shine,  
And be the greatest of his Line.*

RECITATIVE.

*Jupit.* Shall then the Son of Saturn be undone,  
Like Saturn by an impious Son!  
Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,  
Dooming that Son to be the Sire  
Of such another Son.

A I R.

*Conscious of Ills that I have done,  
My Fears to Prudence shall advise,  
And Guilt that made me great, shall make me wise.*

Accompanied RECITATIVE.

The fatal Blessing I resign; [*Giving her to Peleus.*  
*Peleus, take the Maid Divine,*  
*Jove consenting, she is thine;*  
The fatal Blessing I resign.

*Peleus.*

*Peleus.* Heav'n had been lost, had I been *Jove* :  
There is no Heav'n like mutual Love.

*Jup. to Prom.* And thou, the Stars Interpreter,  
'Tis just I set thee free,  
Who giv'st me Liberty :  
Arise, and be thy self a Star.  
'Tis just, I set thee free,  
Who giv'st me Liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of Prometheus, his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven with Jupiter, to a loud Flourish of all the Musick.*]

## A I R.

*Peleus.* Fly, fly to my Arms, to my Arms,  
Goddeſs of Immortal Charms !  
To my Arms, to my Arms, fly, fly,  
Goddeſs of transporting Joy !  
But to gaze  
On thy Face,  
Thy gentle Hand thus preſſing  
Is heav'nly heav'nly Bleſſing. [Da Capo.  
O my Soul !  
Whither, whither art thou flying ?  
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,  
Whither, whither art thou flying,  
O my Soul !

## Accompanied RECITATIVE.

*Thetis.* You tremble, *Peleus*——ſo do I :  
Ah ſtay, and we'll together die,  
Immortal

(( 8 ))

Immortal and of Race Divine,  
My Soul shall take her Flight with thine.

A D R.

*Life dissolving in Delight,  
Heaving Breasts, and swimming Sight,  
Falt'ring Speech, and gasping Breath,  
Symptoms of delicious Death;  
Life dissolving in Delight,  
My Soul is ready for the Flight.*

D U E T. *Peleus and Thetis.*

O my Soul!  
Whither, whither art thou flying?  
Lost in sweet tumultuous dying,  
Whither, whither art thou flying,  
O my Soul!

C H O R U S.

*When the Storm is blown over  
How blest is the Swain,  
Who begins to Discover  
An End of his Pain!*

F I N I S.



